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MARVEL COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER

THE OFFICIAL COMICS
ADAPTATION OF THE NEW
SCIENCE FICTION THRILLER
STARRING HARRISON FORD!

A
COMIC ART
CLASSIC BY
ARCHIE GOODWIN,
AL WILLIAMSON,
AND CARLOS
GARZON!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL**

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE HIT FILM!

BLADE RUNNER

THE CITY IS VAST. ITS LEVELS DEEP. ITS TOWERS ARE TALL. MONUMENTS OF STONE AND GLASS THRUSTING OUT OF PERPETUAL SMOG AND MIST RIVALED ONLY BY EXPLODING PLUMES OF INDUSTRIAL FIRE.

AND FEW TOWERS STAND TALLER OR LOOM MORE MONUMENTALLY THAN THE MASSIVE PYRAMID WHICH HOUSES THE TYRELL CORPORATION.



Adapted by **ARCHE GOODWIN**
Pencilled by **AL WILLIAMSON** and **CARLOS GARZON**
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JERRY PERENCHIO and **BUD YORKIN** PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY **HAMPTON FANCHER** and **DAVID PEOPLES**
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS **BRIAN KELLY** and **HAMPTON FANCHER**
PRODUCED BY **MICHAEL DEELE** DIRECTED BY **RIDLEY SCOTT**

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A LUCAS COMPANY RELEASE IN ASSOCIATION WITH **SIR RUN RUN SHAW**

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THE ROOM IS LARGE AND HUND. SINCE TAKING HIS PLACE THERE, THE BIG MAN IN THE WORK CLOTHES HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE. AGITATED, HIS INTERROGATOR COOLLY STUDIES THE DIALS ON THE COMPACT MACHINE BETWEEN THEM. MEASURING. SEARCHING.





THE BIG MAN MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR, THEN STOPS, AND WITH A LITTLE SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

...TURNS AND FIRES AGAIN.



LEON DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND HIM DESTRUCTION...AND A SMALL MACHINE WITH THE TRADE NAME VOYGT-KAMPEE...

...WHOSE SOLITARY, EYE-LIKE LIGHT GOES RIGHT ON STEADILY BLINKING. BLINKING. BLINKING.



That's how it ended for Holden. It began for me on the streets with the usual rain, the usual crowds. And the loudspeaker blare of a recruiting blimp somewhere above.

SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL! FAMILY MAKERS! WE NEED YOU! THE DOMINGUEZ-SHIMATA COLONY NEEDS YOU!

GIVE YOURSELF A BRAND NEW WORLD! IF YOU MEET HEALTH AND EXPERIENCE QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFWORLD EMIGRATION...WE NEED YOU!

Offworld is so great...How come they gotta advertise? Still, it gives people a CHOICE. Sometimes you don't have any at all.



I ORDERED FOUR PIECES OF FISH YOU OLD NOODLE HUSTLER, YOU ONLY GAVE ME TWO! TWO!

THAT RIGHT, THAT RIGHT, DECKARD, YOU GOT TWO.



YEAH SURE, THAT'S RIGHT. I GOT TWO.

YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO ACCOMPANY ME, SIR.



I'M NOT MUCH ON JAPANESE OR CITY SPEAK OR **WHATEVER** YOU'RE USING, PAL... YOU WANT A SAT... WAIT YOUR TURN.

THIS IS AN **OFFICIAL REQUEST**. TO DEFLY CONSTITUTED **AUTHORITY IS TO FLAUNT THE PUBLIC GOOD.**

HE SAY YOU GO WITH HIM, DECKARD... YOU UNDER **ARREST!**

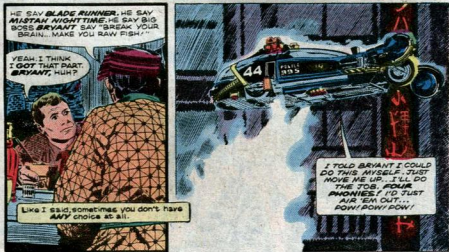


TELL HIM I'M EATING. TELL HIM HE'S GOT THE **WRONG GUY.**

WRONG GUY, MY FANNY! THERE'S ONLY **ONE BOOGYMAN!**

YOU WERE A **BLADE RUNNER** IN FOUR SECTOR! AFTER THE **SLAUGHTER OF THE STEEL SHOP** THEY CALLED YOU **MISTER NIGHTTIME.**

CAPTAIN BRYANT ORDERED ME TO BRING YOU IN EVEN IF I HAVE TO SERVE YOU LIKE **SUSHI!**



HE SAY **BLADE RUNNER**. HE SAY **MISTAN NIGHTTIME**. HE SAY **BIG BOSS BRYANT** SAY "BREAK YOUR BRAIN... MAKE YOU RAW FISH."

YEAH. I THINK I GOT THAT PART. **BRYANT, HUH?**

Like I said, sometimes you don't have **ANY** choice at all.

I TOLD BRYANT I COULD DO THIS MYSELF. JUST MOVE ME UP... I'LL DO THE JOB. **POW! POW! POW!** I'D JUST AIR 'EM OUT... **POW! POW! POW!**



BUT NO...! BRYANT THINKS YOU'RE HOT STUFF, SMARTEST SPOTTER...BADDEST BLADE RUNNER...WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME.

YOU DON'T SHAVE...YOU DON'T DRESS WELL...THAT REFLECTS ON THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT...MAKES US ALL LOOK BAD.

THE SKIN JOBS LOOK BETTER THAN YOU, DECKARD! WHAT'S THE POINT OF WIPING 'EM OUT IF THEY LOOK BETTER THAN ENFORCEMENT?

PRETTY SOON THE PUBLIC WILL WANT SKIN JOBS FOR ENFORCEMENT! I GUESS YOU'D PREFER THAT, HUH? THAT WHY YOU QUIT?



PAL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING.



EXACTLY! WATTA JERK! IF I WASN'T UP FOR PROMOTION I'D PUT THIS BABY IN A HOT SPIN AND LEAVE YOUR DINNER ALL OVER THE GLASS!

I just shrug and keep eating my noodles and fish watching the city flash by below. Somebody would start speaking my language soon enough... at police headquarters.

NO NEED TO PUT YOURSELF OUT. I THINK I KNOW MY WAY FROM HERE.



My friend the clotheshorse didn't rise to being baited or even break stride...

"...not until we were in the office of the man who was his boss...and used to be **MINE**."

DON'T **GLARE**, DECK. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME IF I'D JUST **ASKED**... SO I SENT **GAFF** FOR YOU.

GOTTA BUNCH OF **SWIN JOES** WALKIN' THE STREETS... HIJACKED AN OFFWORLD SHUTTLE TO HERE, KILLED ITS CREW AN' PASSENGERS.

EMBARRASSING.

HOLDEN'S GOOD. GIVE IT TO HIM.

I DID. HE'S NO GOOD NOW...FOR **ANYTHING**. THIS IS THE WORST **EVER** DECK, I NEED THE OL' **BLADE RUNNER**... I NEED YOUR MAGIC.

"Officially there's two kinds of clowning in this circus: little smart guys with computers; big dumb guys with guns. But when a bureau wants to avoid a politically sticky job or jeopardizing their own men...they bring in somebody from outside. Somebody like **ME**."

I WAS **QUIT** WHEN I WALKED IN HERE, **BRYANT**... I'M **TWICE** AS **QUIT** NOW. SEE YA!

SIT **DOWN**, DECKARD/LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T WALK OUT...AND WHEN YOU'RE NOT A COP, YOU'RE **LITTLE PEOPLE**. YOU KNOW THE SCORE?

"He was right. I knew the score. I'd known it for a long time. I just got confused for a moment and thought I had a **CHOICE** when I didn't."

"At least my new pal, Gaff, kept his mouth shut..."

"Maybe he was too busy just staring, taking it all in. And almost unconsciously twisting a piece of foil into a little sculpture."

"Well, I was gonna be busy too. They couldn't hire me so they **reassigned** me. But it came out the same. I was **WORKING** for them again..."

"...REPLICANT DETECTION. SQUAD ONE."

"Bryant's got a liver problem. Few years' back, he handed me a bottle and said have a drink for another man. I've been drinking for him ever since."

"And with what was coming over the monitor's from the tapes. Bryant showed... I definitely **NEEDED** a drink."

"The big incentive to emigrate was still free labor. If the public found out their replicant labor force might **KILL** them... they wouldn't be so keen on offworld colonization."

"Replicant androids **A-X-E-P-D**; referred to as the **NEXUS SIX**. The Tyrell Corporation's new pride and joy. According to Bryant, **FIVE** of 'em jumped that shuttle."

"...KILLED 23 PEOPLE IN ALL. BUT THREE NIGHTS AGO, **ONE** OF 'EM GOT FRIED IN AN ELECTRO-FIELD... THEY WERE TRYING TO BREAK INTO TYRELL'S."

"WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?"

"LOST 'EM/ GOIN' ON THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MIGHT TRY TO **INFILTRATE** THE CORPORATION AS NEW EMPLOYEES... WE SENT **HOLDEN** TO RUN VOIGHT-KAMPPF TESTS ON NEW WORKERS."

"LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **RIGHT** OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST THE **GOOD NEWS**..."

"When four skin jobs-- possibly able to fool the Voight-Kampf, judging from what happened to Holden-- still running around loose are **GOOD** news, don't ask what the **BAD** is. Bryant told me anyway..."

"The bad news was **ROY GATTY**. A work of art. Combat model. Crowning achievement of the free enterprise system."

"THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR."

"They used Roy Batty in every offworld conflict in the last three years. He'd flown gypsy ships with the Russians at Tannhauser Gate and been with the squadron of Night-Timers in the wars near Jupiter."

"He could handle 1200 degrees fahrenheit in the Plutonium Furnaces on the Argentinian Moon. He'd done deep space probes at 800 below with only a cowboy suit."

AND HE'S PROBABLY THE **LEADER** OF THIS BUNCH YOU'RE AFTER, DECK.

MAYBE TO FIND OUT **WHEN** THEY WERE MADE.

THE NEXUS SIX COPIES HUMAN BEINGS ALMOST PERFECTLY...INSIDE AND OUT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE DESIGNERS FIGURE THEY MAY EVEN DEVELOP THEIR OWN **EMOTIONAL RESPONSE**. HATE. LOVE. ANGER. FEAR.

SO THEY BUILT IN A **FAIL SAFE DEVICE**...THE NEXUS SIX ONLY HAS **FOUR YEARS TO LIVE**.

BUT WHY LEAD THEM BACK TO THE PLACE OF THEIR **MANUFACTURE**?

"THE **NEXUS THREE** had been too smooth, too human, if you like. I **QUIT** because of it. Retired. Now I'm back on the job and, thanks to the Tyrell Corporation and good ol' supply and demand, we got the Nexus **6/7X**."

"An' I got four of 'em all to **MYSELF**. Two female. Two male. An' best yet...one is **ROY BATTY**, super soldier."

"The pressure was on. With twenty-three people dead, we couldn't sit back and wait for Batty and company to keel over on their own. Too much was at stake. Replicants were big industry..."

"...and **TYRELL** was top of the line."



"Making 'em more human than human was his claim to fame. Now some fanatics were screaming they should have **EQUAL RIGHTS** and the trade unions complained about them taking jobs from **PEOPLE**. But the big boys, the heavy opinion makers, from politicians to theologians, said no matter how **CLOSE** they came..."

"...they were still **OBJECTS**. I was inclined to disagree... otherwise I wouldn't have quit."

"LIKE OUR **OWLS**?"



"Why not? In a world where real animals are rarer than a breath of unpolluted air, it was impressive. But then... **EVERYTHING** about the Tyrell Corporation seemed to be..."

"WE GATHER YOUR DEPARTMENT DOESN'T BELIEVE OUR **NEW UNIT** IS TO THE PUBLIC BENEFIT."



"REPLICANTS ARE LIKE ANY OTHER MACHINE. THEY CAN BE A BENEFIT OR A HAZARD. IF THEY'RE A BENEFIT, IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM."

"MAY I ASK A PERSONAL QUESTION...? HAVE YOU EVER RETIRED A HUMAN BY MISTAKE?"



"Of course, I told her **NO**..."

"...but we both noticed I **HESITATED** a little and before either of us could pursue it, we were joined by the **MAN** himself... **DR. ELDON TYRELL**."



"THIS VOIGHT-KAMPEF TEST, MR. DECKARD. BEFORE WE TRY IT ON MY **PROTOTYPE**, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT WORK ON A **PERSON**."



WHAT'S
THAT
GONNA
PROVE?

INDULGE ME DECKARD.
I WANT TO SEE A
NEGATIVE BEFORE I
PROVIDE YOU WITH A
POSITIVE.

TRY IT
ON **RACHEL**
HERE.

"We darkened the place I set up. Basically, the Voight-Kampff's an empathy test. Blush response, involuntary dilation of the iris, that kinda thing."



"And I'm supposed to be the **DETECT**
at askin' the right questions to
trigger the
right responses..."



"Only I had no instinct on
her...no magic. I couldn't
believe what I was
reading..."



"This lady, Rachel, gave
me cold chills."

"And after more than a
HUNDRED questions..."



"...I wanted to talk with Tynell in private."

I'M IMPRESSED, MR.
DECKARD. THOUGH IT
TOOK FAR MORE
QUESTIONS THAN
NORMAL TO LEARN
THE **TRUTH**, DIDN'T
IT?

SHE
REALLY
DOESN'T
KNOW
WHO SHE
IS...?



SHE ONLY
SUSPECTS **NOW**.
I THINK. YOU SEE,
THERE'S THIS STRANGE
OBSESSION WE'VE
RECOGNIZED IN THEM...
THEY **WANT** MEMORIES.

AFTER ALL, THEY'RE **EMOTIONALLY INEXPERIENCED**...HAVING ONLY A FEW YEARS TO STORE UP WHAT WE SPEND OUR **LIVES** ACQUIRING. GIFTING THEM WITH A PAST CREATES A **CUSHION** FOR THEIR EMOTIONS...

AND WE CAN **CONTROL** THEM BETTER.

IT'S THE DARK CORNERS, THE LITTLE SHADY PLACES THAT MAKE US **INTERESTING**, DECHARD. GUSTY EMOTIONS ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT...THE SCENT OF A WOMAN'S HAIR...THE SWEET GUILT AFTER...

ALL RIGHT, TYRELL!

WHERE DO YOU GET THEM, THESE **MEMORIES**...?

IN RACHEL'S CASE, I SIMPLY COPIED AND REGENERATED CELLS FROM THE BRAIN OF MY SIXTEEN YEAR OLD NIECE.

RACHEL REMEMBERS WHAT MY LITTLE **NIECE** REMEMBERS.

"Fascinating..."

"I wondered whose lifeline was programmed into **ROY BATTY'S** brain. Guys like Tyrell design monsters for profit. When they foul up, functionaries like **AMEE** get called in to clean the mess."

"Only thing I like less than creepy machines and fancy skin jobs are the people that **MAKE** them."

"From that lofty corporate tower, I went **DOWN**...to a section of town where **SEEDY** is probably a compliment. According to Tyrell personnel records, **LEON** lived in a hotel there..."

"...At least he had until he aired my predecessor, **HOLDEN**."

"Bryant had GUFF join me. Guess he expected trouble. Or maybe the department's new boy wonder just needed a quiet spot to practice his foil sculptures. At any rate...

"...what we found was an empty room. Obviously neither Leon nor his friends had been back...

"Not that there was much to leave behind. A few clothes still neatly hung in the wardrobe...

"a pretty ordinary batch of SHADOWS stuck in one pocket..."

"...and a few flecks of something I couldn't identify on the floor near the dresser. Just after tucking 'em in my wallet, I got a feeling...

"...the ol' MAGIC, as Bryant calls it. It brought me to the window.

"There wasn't much to see below. Damp streets. Reflected lights. And shadowed doorways that might hide anything."

LATER, THE DISTURBED WATCHER FROM THE SHADOWS MOVES ON A NEW STREET TOWARD THE BANKS OF VIDEO- PHONES...

...AND ANOTHER WHO WANTS FOR HIM.

DID YOU GET YOUR PRECIOUS PHOTOS?

SOMEBODY WAS THERE.

OF COURSE, THE POLICE FORGET THOSE PICTURES, LEON. WE'RE GOING TO FIND A MORE PRACTICAL ASPECT OF OUR PAST.

SUB-ZERO COLD FILLS THE LABORATORY OF HANNIBAL CHEW. IT IS A LABOR CONDITION THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL HAS ACCEPTED OVER THE YEARS, AND EVEN COME TO APPRECIATE. HE IS SELDOM DISTURBED BY VISITORS, SURE...

...OR OTHERWISE.

HOW YOU GET IN HERE? BUSY? BUSY? YOU GO AWAY. MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.

WE HAVE QUESTIONS, MR. CHEW, AND NOT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME. QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DESIGN OF THE NEXUS SIX.

NO. NO. COLD. COLD! GO AWAY!

ROY BATTY'S RESPONSE IS A SMILE MORE ICY THAN THE ROOM THEY STAND IN...

...AND WITHOUT FEELING OR CONCERN, HE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A TANK OF FREEZING LIQUID TO WITHDRAW WHAT FLOATS THERE.

YOU REPLICANT!
ILLEGAL! NOT BELONG
HERE! YOU BELONG
OTHER WORLDS...
UP THERE!



...AS THEY STRIP
AWAY HIS LIFE
SUPPORT SYSTEM!

QUESTIONS THE NEXUS
SIX...LONGEVITY.MORPHO-
LOGY. USE LIFE INCEPT
DATES.

PLEASE!
THE C-COLD...!

DON'T
AWAY THAT
STUFF JUST
EYES...JUST
NEXUS
EYES.



FIERY THE ANGELS FELL...AND AS THEY FELL
DEEP THUNDER ROLLED AROUND THEIR SHORES,
INDIGNANT...
BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF ORC.

LEON...

MANNIBAL CHEW TRIES TO TURN A FUTILE
GESTURE AGAINST THE SPEED OF THE
BIG MAN'S HANDS.



AH, CHEW.
IF ONLY YOU
COULD SEE
THE THINGS
I'VE SEEN WITH
YOUR EYES.

QUESTIONS!



GIMME
COAT...PLEASE!
ONLY BIG GENIUS...
TYRELL...KNOWS
ANSWERS.
C-COAT...
P-PLEASE!



NOT AN
EASY MAN TO
VISIT. TYRELL.
SECURITY
AND ALL
THAT.



S-S-SEBASTIAN TAKE
YOU...J.F. SEBASTIAN...!
P-PLEASE...

ROY BATTY HAS SEVERAL MORE
QUESTIONS. NONE GO UNANSWERED.

"To round out a perfect day, it was pouring rain by the time I checked in Gaff and the police spinner and drove home in my own car."

"My mind was on having a drink and drying off..."

"...or maybe I'd have tumbled **BEFORE** reaching my floor that the elevator's shadows hid a **SECOND** passenger."



ALL RIGHT!
WHO?

I...I'M
SORRY

"Sorry! She didn't know how **CLOSE** it had been. Or maybe she was too desperate to care. Obviously, Tyrell wouldn't see her, so she'd come to me. I didn't like it, still...I didn't stop her from following me inside."



YOU THINK I'M A **REPLICANT**, DON'T YOU? BUT I WANT YOU TO **LOOK...** I'VE BROUGHT A **PHOTO** OF ME AND MY PARENTS AND I REMEMBER--

EXPLORING AN EMPTY BUILDING WITH YOUR BROTHER WHEN YOU WERE SIX... THE SPIDER WEB ON THE BUSH OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW...

Y-YES, BUT HOW CAN YOU--?

IMPLANTS, RACHEL. TYRELL'S VERY AROUD OF THEM. RAN SOME ON A SCANNER FOR ME.

N-NO... I DON'T... BELIEVE...

RIGHT. I MADE IT ALL UP. YOU'RE NOT A **REPLICANT**... IT WAS JUST A NASTY JOKE. FORGET IT. HAVE A DRINK.



"By the time I dug out a second clean glass, she was gone. Nothing to show she'd ever been there..."

"...except a crumpled photograph dropped to the floor."

LIKE MANY STRUCTURES IN THE AREA, THE BUILDING APPEARS ABANDONED. YET AS A STREET CLEANER GRINDS BY, ANOTHER VEHICLE HALTS IN FRONT OF IT AND THE FIGURE THAT STEPS OUT DOES SO WITH THE WEARY FAMILIARITY OF A MAN RETURNING HOME.



HIS NAME IS J.F. SEBASTIAN AND THERE ARE FEW SURPRISES IN HIS LIFE...



...UNTIL TONIGHT.

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING... HIDING THERE IN ALL THAT RUBBISH?

S-SORRY...! I WAS LOST... NEEDED SOME PLACE DRY... WARM.

SCARED EACH OTHER PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T WE? YOU LOOK HUNGRY... I'VE GOT STUFF INSIDE... IF YOU WANNA COME IN...

I WAS HOPEING YOU'D SAY THAT.



DEALING WITH PEOPLE IS DIFFICULT FOR J.F. SEBASTIAN, BUT THIS GIRL... PRIS SHE CALLS HERSELF... HOMELESS, SEEMINGLY SHYER THAN HE IS, SOMEHOW MAKES IT EASY, NATURAL.

YOU LIVE IN THIS BUILDING ALL BY YOURSELF?

YEAH. PRETTY MUCH NO HOUSING SHORTAGE AROUND HERE... PLENTY OF ROOM FOR EVERYONE.



AN ANCIENT CLANKING ELEVATOR
CARRIES THEM UPWARD, AND
OFF A CRUMBLING CORRIDOR.

YOOHOO...
HOME!
HOME AGAIN!

I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID...

HOME AGAIN...HOME
AGAIN! JIGADDY JIG!

GOOD
EVENING
J.F.!

THESE ARE MY...
FRIENDS, PRIS, KAISER
AND BEAR. TOYS,
REALLY...I'VE MORE
INSIDE.

HE FEELS HER STUDYING HIM IN THE LIGHT...AND AMORES
WHAT SHE'S GOING TO SAY.

Y-YOU'RE
NOT AS OLD
AS...YOU
LOOK.
WHAT...?

METHUSELAN SYNDROME.

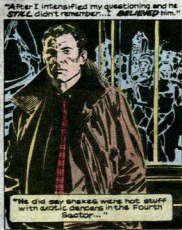
I'M TWENTY, PRIS, MY GLANDS...THEY AGE TOO FAST.
THAT'S WHY I'M STILL HERE...I COULDN'T PASS THE
EMIGRATION TEST.

J.F... I LIKE
YOU JUST THE
WAY YOU ARE.

"Machines can be helpful some-
times. They can also be a **BIG**
AWAY. Take my **ESPER**...I'd spent
the evening letting it three-
dimensionally enhance and
examine the set of snapshots
I took from Leon's hotel room.
So far all it revealed was that
that room's wardrobe had once
had a **SHOULDER PADS** hanging
in it... And that neither Leon
nor Roy Batty was the type to
WEAR ONE. **REAL** helpful."

"I don't know why a replicant would collect photos. Probably like Tyrrell said, they
NEED memories. I couldn't figure any of it. But my mind wasn't on Leon's stuff.
Maybe it was on **ANOTHER** photo... the one **ARCHER** left earlier. On that and the
fact that when I uncrumpled it, her **ANYONE NUMBER** was on the back. Interesting.
But nothing that would help detection and retirement... So I decided I was hungry."

"And along with my usual order at the noodle-bar... I got some LUCK."





"I didn't dignify it by calling it a lead. Instead I called it an urge to have a drink in the smokier part of town. After hours of doing toots and bellyholics, and peering at ladies who may have been talented, depending on your tastes, but definitely wasn't either of my female replicants...



"I ended up at Taffy's Bar. Tired. Of working. Of looking. Maybe even of drinking..."



"...at least of doing it alone..."

HUNTING... "SIGN JOBS"
MR. DECKARD?

DIDN'T FIND ANY.
ALL I FOUND WAS A
BAR. YOU MISSED THE
DRINK I OFFERED BEFORE...
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.



NOT MY
KIND OF PLACE,
DECKARD... OUR
PEOPLE!



"I could stay and stare at the vid-phone screen going blank... or retreat to the bar."

"I opted for the bar.
And found something
NEW to stare at.
They'd changed acts..."



"...and I was ~~WORKING~~ again."

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
CUSTOMERS AREN'T
ALLOWED BACKSTAGE.

AH... I'M WITH THE
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF
VARIETY ARTISTS, MISS
SALOME... CONFIDENTIAL
COMMITTEE ON MORAL
ABUSES.

"There was a big woman. So was one of the reps, Zhora, on the tapes Bryant showed me. But the resemblance seemed to **END** there. Still, I felt there was **SOMETHING**...And went with it."

THERE'S BEEN REPORTS OF **ALL MANNER** OF EXPLOITATION BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS PLACE.

THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO CHECK THIS DRESSING ROOM.

AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY CHANGING AND GETTING OUT OF HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU CHECKING **FOR?**



HOLES, MISS GALOME... **PEEP HOLES!** YOU'D BE **SURPRISED** WHAT SOME GUYS GO THROUGH TO GLIMPSE A BEAUTIFUL BODY.

I **DOUBT** IT...DIDN'T YOU SEE MY **ACT?**

AH... OF COURSE. OF COURSE. HAVE YOU BEEN DOING IT **LONG?** I SEE YOU HAVE **OTHER** COSTUMES HERE. THAT **SEQUINED ONE** LOOKS **ESPECIALLY--**

IF YOU'VE RUN OUT OF **HOLES** TO FIND--I COULD USE **HELP** DRYING MY **BACK.**



"This way she looked **even LESS** like my replicant. I have to have the **Esper** compare. sequins from **THIS** dress with the one it spotted in Leon's photos."



"Guess the lady had a soft spot for machines. Because as I took the towel... She suddenly saved my **Esper** a lot of wear and tear."

"She was **ZHORA**, all right. New hair color and whatever not withstanding."



"After that, it got a little **ROUGHER...**"

"...but she was more interested in getting out before the noise brought someone else than in finishing me."



"That **SAVED** me. Only instead of just layin' there and bein' grateful, I bit my lip, ignored all my body's objections, and went **AFTER** her."



"She didn't have too much of a start. I figured the rains, crowds and traffic would slow her down."



"And maybe they did. With a **NEXUS SIX** ...it's kinda hard to tell!"

OUT OF THE WAY, BLAST IT!
OUT OF THE WAY!



STOP NOW, ZHORA!
STOP OR YOU'RE DEAD!

"Most of the crowd didn't listen even after I fired a few rounds. Why should a fugitive replicant? I was **LOVING** her...and Detection Squad's best bet: trade runner doesn't **DO** that!"



"The car was too low. I leaped again...onto a bus.
Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

BA-VOW!

"She died then, I suppose."

"Thanks to superior Tyrell craftsmanship, she kept running. And I kept firing. It took a plate glass window display case to END it..."

"In one side...out
the other."

"Zhora must have been
the meal ticket for Roy
Batty's group. It's a
tough world, even raps
gotta eat. Only right
then... Their meal ticket
looked kinda used up."

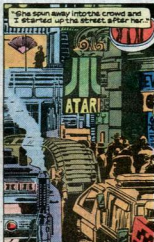
"I wanted to be happy
about it, but I had a
feeling it wasn't gonna
work that way. I had
the feeling I was gonna
get the worst case of
shakes I ever had."



"The feeling didn't get better after the uniformed cops arrived to take over. Not when I turned from the scene and saw who was among the on-lookers."



RACHEL...?



"She spun away into the crowd and I started up the street after her."



"...and found Rachel wasn't the ONLY unhappy witness to my night's work."

HEY!
WHAT--?

MY
PICTURES...!
YOU TRACKED
ZHORA BY USIN'
MY PICTURES,
DIDN'T YOU?
DIDN'T YOU?

"I threw a punch, but Leon was already swinging me, slamming me around into the parked garbage hauler. Over and over."



HOW OLD AM I, BLADE
RUNNER? HOW LONG DO I
HAVE TO LIVE?

F-FOUR...
~~FOUR~~
YEARS...!



MORE
THAN
YOU.

TO BE CONTINUED...